

What Reporter Tiller and Artist Curtis Saw of

Brightwood and Its "Loop"

And the Classy Grouch Ever Present With Its Citizens

"Better Car Service" Is Constant Appeal of Its Inhabitants.

"POP" MOUNTCASTLE FAMILIAR FIGURE

Weights 437 Pounds, But Isn't at All Sensitive About Being a Prize Winner.

By THEODORE TILLER.
MORE Brightwood folk have "looped the loop" than those of any other suburb on the map.

About seven things are counted on as certain out in Brightwood each day—sun up, sun down, three meals and two "loops."

Do not gather from this that Brightwood harbors a miniature Coney Island with its chutes, merry-go-rounds, mystic mazes, wild men and loop-the-loops. Far be it from me to act as press agent for the village and spring a yarn like that. This is a sadder tale than this that duty bids me tell.

THE LOOP, to which I refer, and to which every Brightwoodite refers at least eighty-six times per day, is situated just to the west of the National's ball park. Tenderly speaking, it is a place where all folks going to and from Brightwood are dumped out around a little station house and made to transfer—after waiting awhile for the next car.

Lost Without Transfer.

No man out to what may feel at ease unless he has a transfer in his hand. So common are transfers in Brightwood that they are almost used for legal tender. Children cry for them and beg to loop-the-loop when they should be thinking only of leap frog and mumble-peg. Transfers are used as paper chest protectors, as lamp shades, for wall papering or to stop up the chink when the neighborhood bad boys break out the window pane.

From time immemorial, or at least from the time when the Brightwood Citizens' Association was formed, we have been accustomed to see in the newspaper headlines:

"Brightwood Demands Through Cars to City."
"Brightwood Demands Better Car Service."
"Brightwood Citizens Kick on Being Dumped in Cold and Rain."

Occasionally we would also see that Brightwood demanded better lights along its avenue, wider roads in Rock Creek Park, more sewers, and a few other things.

Whereat we have become accustomed to sympathizing with Brightwood because everybody knows that a lot of wide-awake people live out there and that the suburb itself is a delightful one—after you get there and when you get there.

In inviting a friend out to dinner, however, the Brightwood citizen impresses upon you that his hospitality does not begin until after you have reached the confines of the village itself. He takes no responsibility for the street car service and the means of getting there.

Will Telephone Wife.

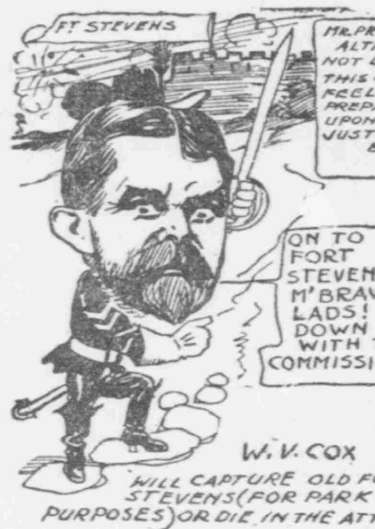
Mr. Bright Wood will telephone his wife as follows:

"Constance, I will bring my old college chum, Mr. Grouch, out to dinner tonight. Have something nice, will you?"

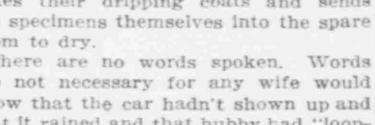
Wherefore, the real head of the household will bestir himself for some hours and have a steaming repast ready at the appointed moment. After a wait of some two hours or more, perhaps she hears a familiar footstep and indignantly rushes to greet the tardy one. Two bedraggled, dispirited specimens meet her glaring gaze. There is a moment of tense silence and then she tenderly



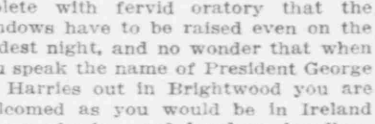
"BABE" MOUNTCASTLE, ON HIS FAVORITE TIMBER-TOPPER. HE SAYS THE MULE CANT KICK—WHILE HE IS ABOARD.



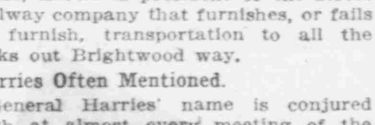
W. K. COX WILL CAPTURE OLD FORT STEVENS FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE COMMISSION.



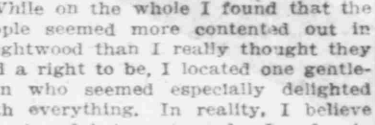
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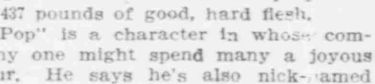
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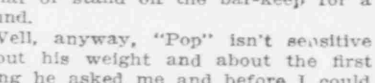
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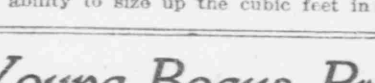
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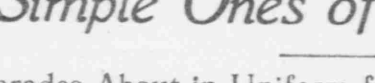
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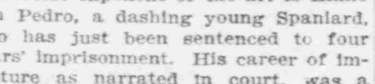
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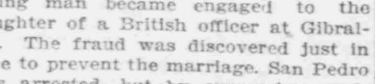
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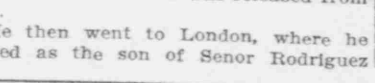
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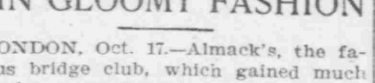
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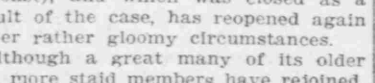
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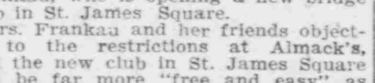
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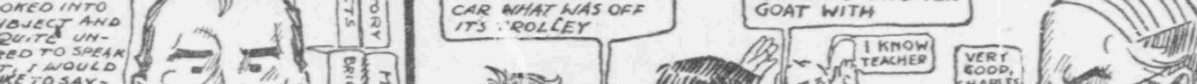
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"LOOPING THE LOOP"



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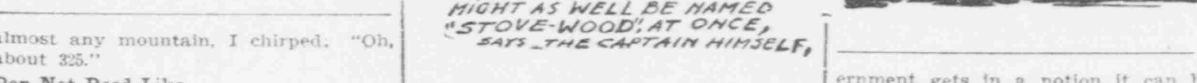
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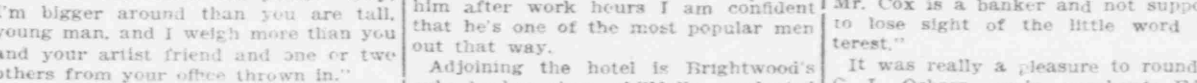
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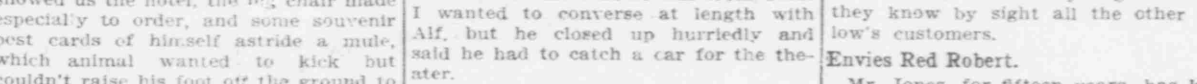
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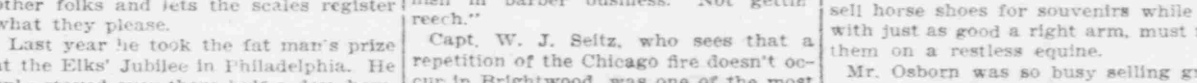
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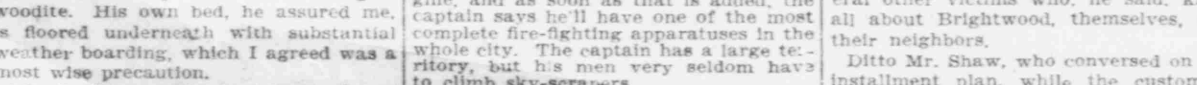
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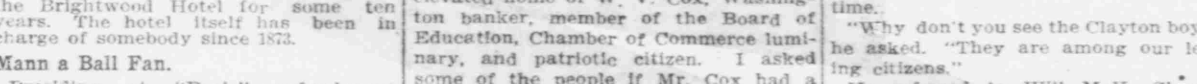
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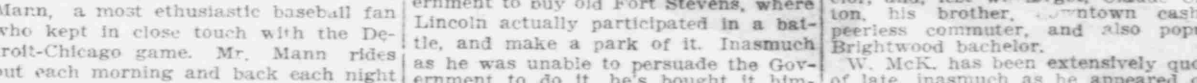
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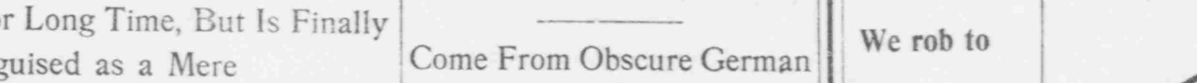
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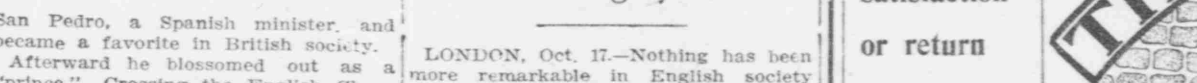
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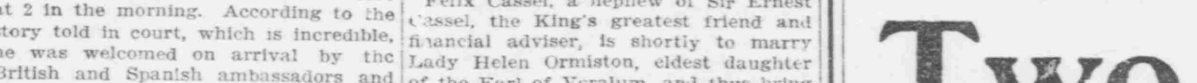
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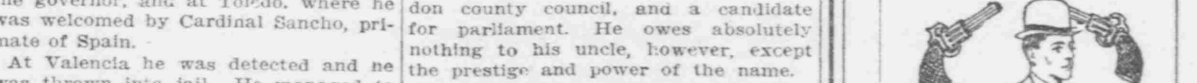
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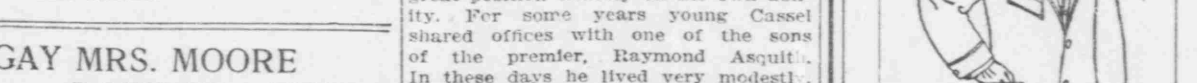
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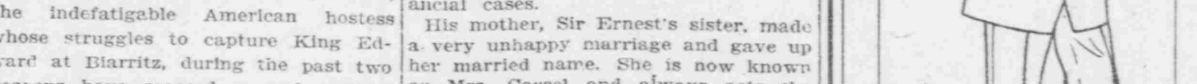
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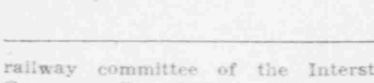
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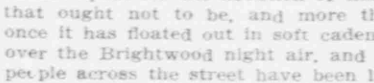
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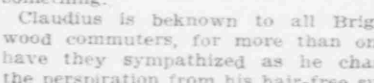
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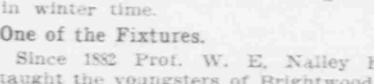
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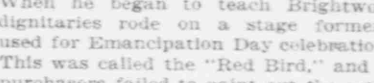
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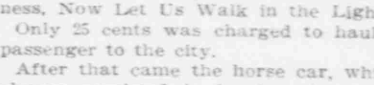
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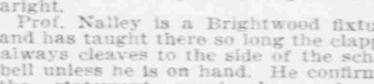
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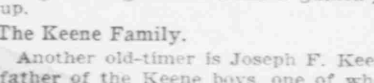
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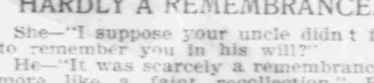
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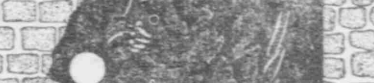
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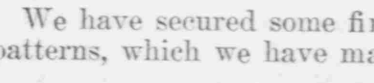
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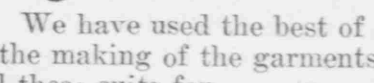
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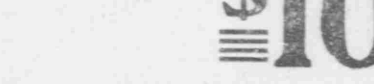
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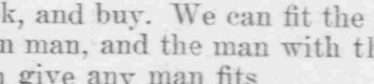
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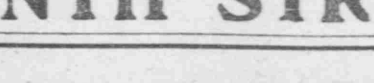
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"Looping the Loop" Almost Second Nature With Brightwoodites.

TRANSFER STATION COMPRISES "LOOP"

Common Are Transfer Slips; Old-timers Never Venture Out Without Them.

cover our identity. Mr. Keene, the elder, used to be supervising principal of that division, and has also taught a little school. Now he's resting, at least the boys said he was resting the night we called, having put in a hard day overseeing his farm. Confidently, though, I don't believe Mr. Keene would let his hirsute adornments be sketched by Artist Curtis.

However, I had an excellent conversation with John G. Keene—that is, I listened excellently. Mr. Keene is secretary of the Citizens' Association, and naturally knows more about Brightwood "demands" than the man who coined the word. He explained them to me with great eloquence, and, according to his viewpoint, and mine after he'd finished, things are in a desperate way, so far as getting anything from the bunch on the Hill is concerned. Mr. Keene promised to send me a list of the "demands," but he had next day his typewriter had worn out listing them, so all is forgiven.

His brother, Dr. "Evvie," is he who discovered us. "Ha, you are Tiller and Curtis," quoth he. "You would jolly us a bit. Don't think I have not seen through your disguise and your platitudes."

We told the doctor he had one more guess coming, but didn't need it. After this he opened up and put us on to several victims, assuring us that he knew we wouldn't say a word that would offend even the oldest member of the Society for the Maintenance of Good Will Among Spinsters.

Dr. Keene is known as J. Everett among his dental patients. Being another Brightwood bachelorette, he is best known out that way as Dr. "Evvie."

The Real "Big Noise."

At last we come to the big noise, the president of the Citizens' Association, and holder of many mortgages and deeds to valuable subdivisions of city lands—Louis F. Shoemaker. Mr. Shoemaker believes in everything the Citizens' Association has kicked for—and then some. He adheres to the faith that a one-headed government would be better than a hydra-headed affair, because then there's no chance for one Commissioner to "shoot" you to the office of another.

Better car service would undoubtedly add to the attractiveness of Brightwood real estate, and inasmuch as Mr. Shoemaker dearly loves to sign a rental contract or a deed in fee simple, "let meet that he should crave the betterment of said transportation service. He presides with becoming dignity at all meetings of the association, and opens them with something like the following ritual: "Aggrieved fellow-citizens, we have two minutes left before we proceed to devise ways and means of ridding ourselves of looping-the-loop and of obtaining a two-minute car service, with a half-hour night owl. If there is any important business to come before this meeting other than that I have mentioned, and have been mentioning since I was a lad, I am now ready to entertain a motion."

Secretary Keene inscribes the burning words of the president, and then calls loudly for help. When inquiry is made as to the reason for desiring such help, Mr. Keene opines that he himself would say a word about the outrages perpetrated upon a helpless people. Then he says and then the others say, and the next day the papers run the familiar heads that would incline us to the belief that Brightwood has a hard time.

More anon, perhaps, in the regular news columns.

PREDICTS DEARTH OF "OLD MAIDS"

Women Younger Than Men at Some Age, Says Woman Physician.

BERLIN, Oct. 17.—Dr. Adele Schreier, the famous advocate of women's rights, has just published an essay entitled "Woman at Her Best," which is causing much discussion. She says in part:

"The time is near when there will be no more 'old maids'—certainly none ridiculed on account of their years. Even today women referred to as 'old maids' are not the scarecrows pictured by writers as late as the last of the nineteenth century. Women are growing younger in appearance, in manner and ambition—at least they impress one as younger than their birth certificates warrant."

"As a rule our women of thirty-five and forty are younger looking, more elastic, fresher and more vivacious than men of the same age. There is an increasing number of marriages between young men and women their seniors by five or ten years."

Dr. Schreier quotes from a Swedish woman's journal the result of a query sent to its readers: "What are woman's best years?"

The great majority of the answers fixes woman's best years as between thirty-five and forty-five.

Another writer says: "I prefer the woman of forty or thereabouts, the woman of experience, for experience alone makes a woman warm hearted, sympathetic and universally liked."

A third opinion offered reads as follows: "That woman is at her best who combines the light-heartedness of youth with an appreciation of life's responsibilities."

WORKING AT HIS TRADE.

"Where has old Bill Scraggs gone?" "Out West somewhere."

"What is he doing out there?" "Trying to earn a dishonest living."—Exchange.